Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my soueraigne,
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vncle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for me thinks in you
I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then father,
Wil you permit that I shal stand condemnd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vncle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrained and sold,
And these, and al, are al amisse employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a subiect,
And I challenge law, Attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath beene too much abused.
Rosse It stands your grace vpon to doo him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And labored al I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cutte out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind.
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels al.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But for his owne, and for the right of that
We al haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer see ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke Wel, wel, I see the issue of these armes:
I cannot mend it I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and al ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you al, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter, so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bul An offer vncle that we wil accept,
But wee must winne your Grace to go with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the common-wealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loath to breake our Countries lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of Salisburie we haue staied ten dales,
And hardly kept our countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tydings from the King,
Therefore wee wil disperse our selues, farewell.
Salis. Stay yet another day thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth al his confidence in thee.
Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay,
The bay trees in our countrey all are witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed stars of Heauen,
The pale-faede moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy,